

# THE CANADIAN FORUM



VOL. I

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 2

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THE Tariff Commission is now completing its labours and the cry for "adequate protection" is heard in the land. It is one of the least happy features in our political life that a catchword of this kind can be bandied about freely by political leaders. For, whatever may be judged wisest with regard to tariff revision, the term "adequate protection" has itself no meaning. Where protection against foreign competition is needed for a firm, it is needed because for some reason that firm has not yet been able to reach the degree of efficiency of its foreign competitors. It is given on the supposition that if this firm is protected it will at some time in the future reach a degree of efficiency which will enable it to stand on its own merits without protection. But in practice it is seldom that any two firms in the same industry have reached the same level of efficiency. The question with regard to the protection of any industry stated in the crudest terms is this: What degree of present inefficiency is compatible with a promise for the future which warrants on grounds of public policy the protection (meanwhile) of individual interests against the interests of the consuming public? Any tariff which is devised will provide "adequate protection" for certain firms, at the same time that it fails to provide "adequate protection" for others in the industry. The use of such language has a definite meaning only in relation to the affairs of a particular firm and not to those of a whole industry; and the sooner our politicians can be induced to refrain from confusing issues in this way the sooner shall we have a tariff which will serve the general interest.

THE Canadian press has had much to say about sugar in recent weeks and justly so. In the discussion of the situation, however, one fact of importance was generally overlooked. For some time previous to the order of the Board of Commerce, sugar had not been allowed to enter Canada except under difficulties. No doubt some wholesalers and large users of sugar were bound by contract to Canadian refiners. In making these contracts they may or may not have acted as entirely free agents. At any rate having made the engagements they could not pass by the home refiner in order to secure cheaper sugar abroad. But those who were free to

import found themselves hampered by vexatious rulings on the part of customs officials. Now dumping was suspected and the shipment held at the border; now adulteration was suspected while samples were sent to Ottawa. For some time such rulings by the customs department have not been uncommon. A recent and flagrant example was that which placed a fictitious value on foreign currency and charged duty on this value, thereby adding to the protection given the Canadian manufacturer. As a result of the customs rulings in the case of sugar, and as a result of the valiant aid of the Board of Commerce, the Canadian refiners gained considerable time in which to empty storehouses and contemplate a highly speculative figure for their stock in the lists. But public protest was universal. It is well for the public to remember also that experimenting with the Customs preceded the fatal performance of the Board of Commerce, and it is well for a government devoted to stability to reflect that no stability is possible where it is never certain whether claims to special treatment will be countenanced or disallowed.

THE part played in these transactions by the Board of Commerce has precipitated its doom. The handwriting on the wall has been fulfilled. The futility of an improvised Board of civil servants was too evident. The sugar control order was of a piece with the rest of the modern mercantilist policy. It has been well summarized by the author of "Polly Masson": "You have taken from one and given to another, and you have done it in the name of the State. You have first wronged the man from whom you have taken, then you have undermined the independence of the man to whom you have given, and finally—the State! All has been done in the name of, and presumably for, the State! Yet the State is sick." One laughs at the eagerness with which the government repudiated its erring child. Ministers were closeted with the Board the day before the promulgation of the order. The order aroused an unprecedented storm. Ministers knew nothing at all about the order. The members of the Board resigned at once and protested loudly that they alone were responsible. Querulously, one member assured a credulous public that he had

often asked to be relieved but was driven on, willy nilly, to this latest naughtiness. The Minister of Justice, who is said to have been a party to the conference before the sugar order, at once discovered that it was *ultra vires*. The Cabinet is at least resourceful. Its retreat was as precipitate as its advance was rash. The Prime Minister staged a pretty scene to end the business. Being unable to prove the jurisdiction to sustain prices the sugar refiners were summarily dismissed, and with them went the Board, bag and baggage, with one swift wave of the hand. Well may we say with Antony, "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

THE future of the farmers' party is thrown into curious relief by the campaign in North-East Toronto. On the one hand we see the Labour forces appealing for the definite sanction of the farmer Premier for the Soldier-Labour candidate. On the other hand THE GLOBE warns the farmers of the terrible designs which the labour people led by socialists harbor in their breasts against all private property including the fertile farms of Ontario. Inferentially THE GLOBE suggests that the farmers would find the Liberals a more natural ally. This view the federal leader of the Liberal party persists in advancing in Ontario and throughout the West. Mr. King is too well informed on labour questions to argue that the working man if he were given power could find pleasure in confiscating all private property except a few paltry things such as tooth-brushes. In fact he has very little, if anything, to say about the possibilities of permanence in the farmer-labour coalition which has endured in Ontario for a year, and which has shown signs of spreading to other provinces. To be sure in Manitoba the workers of the country were not able to unite with the workers of the city. Had they done so the Norris Government might have been compelled to resign. The Manitoba labour members could not easily forget that three of their number were detained in the penitentiary because juries of farmers had condemned them of seditious intent. To this extent conditions in Manitoba are exceptional. In the federal elections the question will arise as to whether the farmers with free-trade leanings can consort with the city workman whose employment is popularly supposed to profit by protection. It is significant that the independent labour convention meeting at London, Ontario, in the spring of this year passed a tariff resolution almost identical with that of the farmers' platform. For the moment the farmer through his tan shows embarrassment at his popularity.

THE coal strike in England is about to be settled. One wonders why it need ever have begun. Public Opinion, that nebulous creature which every man finds on his doorstep every morning ready

made for him, has been almost uniformly hostile. The why of its hostility is not far to seek. Since 1912 there have been few intervals when the English public could be certain of its coal. Miners, with a strong Marxian bias in some districts, have had to be placated at all stages since the war began. The disturbances of 1919 have been repeated in 1920. Labour felt it had been betrayed over the Sankey Report and Nationalization has been the underlying ambition of all the faithful ever since. A curious chain of events seems to have led directly to the strike. Early in the summer the purely academic assent of the Triple Alliance to Nationalization left little hope of a successful struggle on that issue. The unexpected solidarity of all groups of labour in the Council of Action organized to meet the Polish situation seems to have persuaded the Miners' Executive that the time was ripe for a forcing of the issue. At once there sprang to life the demand for an increase of wages and a reduction in the price of coal that could be counted on to make mining no longer a source of profit. It is fairly clear that the wage question was of secondary importance. The stubborn resistance of miners to the principle of wages based on output is a sufficient indication. At this date it would seem that the miners have secured an exceedingly low output datum line for the wage basis. Class consciousness among rich and poor costs England hundreds of millions a year. There is a limit to public patience and that limit has now been reached.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has suspended publication this fall. For twenty years—a long period in the annals of Canadian magazines—it has maintained a higher standard of literary and material excellence than—it is safe to say—any of its predecessors. Intended at the outset for a McGill University public only, it soon attracted wider attention by the excellence of its editing and its handsome form. In course of time its Editor was encouraged to invite the co-operation and support of other universities for the establishment of a review which should worthily represent the best intellectual life of the Dominion. There was a dinner and an exchange of views at Toronto. The outcome was the union of three universities in an editorial board, and not ungenerous financial backing from the authorities of the University of Toronto. But it was not perhaps easy to defend to the general public such employment of university funds; inevitably offence was given by the outspokenness on certain topics of some of the articles and the financial support was soon withdrawn. Considering how widely separated were the members of the editorial board, the arrangement was in the main merely formal and Sir Andrew MacPhail was the real editor; to him, throughout, the success of the undertaking has been due. Notwith-



standing, the combination of interests gave a position and prestige to the new venture that made it the acknowledged organ for the expression of the best thought of the country. The number of sufficiently competent contributors who rallied to its support in various parts of the Dominion was a surprise to most, and not least to the contributors themselves. The Magazine also gave an opening to one of the best of our poets, Miss Marjorie Pickthall. In its success the policy of paying its contributors respectably, was no doubt a factor. But this had in time to be abandoned. All along the weak element in this promising structure—the feet of clay—was the financial basis. What is the immediate cause of the stoppage of publication, we do not know, but the fundamental reason of its failure has been the apathy of the Canadian intellectual public. There is such a public sufficiently large to maintain a review of this character; but the subscription list was always disappointingly small. Had any considerable number for example of university graduates given the trifling assistance implied in subscribing and maintaining one subscription, THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would still be flourishing. There are perhaps other minor contributory causes. But the really discouraging factor revealed in its fate is the indifference of the public. The ordinary magazine with its stories and entertaining articles has to meet the competition of British and especially American publications with their large market and huge advertising list. Such advantages even draw many of our best writers from Toronto and Montreal to Boston and New York. One cannot wonder that it is difficult to maintain them. But there surely is a real need of such a journal as THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and we hope that it will be able to resume publication in the very near future.

THE younger Canadian artists who struck out independently last spring as the "Group of Seven" has now accepted an invitation to send thirty pictures on a winter's tour in the United States. The pictures go first to Worcester, Mass., thence to the Boston Art Museum, Cleveland, and elsewhere. It is now some three years since an academic Canadian collection from Ottawa made a similar tour and some seven years since C. W. Jefferys exhibited prairie pictures along with a few other Canadians in New York. Taken together these facts suggest that Canada is growing up in ways which she did not foresee. There was a time when real artistic talent had either to compromise for a livelihood or leave the country. Canada is proud of J. W. Morrice, but her pride in him is diminished by the reflection that it is imported from Paris. She loses Ernest Lawson to New York and many years later Halifax, his native city, tries to redress the loss by purchasing his work on a generous scale. That

old time is passing though it is not yet certain that the new time has come. There is this difference, however, that Canadian artists are now clinging more resolutely to Canada in the belief that this is the place for them. The number of Canadians who take pleasure in the thought that our artists have at last staked their artistic claims on native territory is a growing one. Those who realize that art needs immediate support as well as belated approval, and who in this age of dead-levelling have not forgotten where the true aristocracy of the human race has so often been found to lie, will watch this adventure of the "Group of Seven", its effect abroad and then its effect at home, with keen interest and perhaps with a certain confidence. The outcome of it all might be that the active interest and support which Canadian artists are beginning to find in Kingston, Sarnia, and Saskatoon might cease to be sporadic and become a characteristic national tradition.

THE Little Theatre movement in Canada shows signs of spreading. We call it the Little Theatre movement because there seems no other phrase at hand to designate the non-commercial, non-professional attempts which are being made here and there in the great world to make the theatre a vital and ennobling thing. In Canada the phrase is a misnomer if it is taken to mean that plays of full stature will not be attempted. The Hart House Theatre promises this winter among other plays the *Alcestis* of Euripides and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. But its most interesting announcement is for next April—"Pierre, a play by Duncan Campbell Scott, and two other Canadian plays." There is no reason why this should not be the beginning of something distinctive. Canadians have tried their hand at lyrical poetry for more than a generation and they have tried their hand at the novel. But in neither field has there happened anything that reflects Canada like the Federal Constitution or the C.P.R. or Wilfrid Grenfell or Thomson's paintings. It is not difficult to see why this is so. There is too strong an English tradition in poetry for Canadians to be themselves in that field and the novel demands, it may be, a more fully developed society than we yet possess. But in drama, which can so much more readily seize on what is elemental in action and feeling, it is not too much to expect something of Canada's own, something rugged and terse and ineloquent. Perhaps after next April we shall know more about it.

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## SPA

"It was, he said, the beginning of big things, the first time the allies had really met the Germans since the terrible war, and a great step forward had been made. . . . Germany regarded the peace conditions as harsh, cruel, and impossible to fulfill, but he was satisfied if men like Herr Fehrenbach and Dr. Simons remained in office, a sincere attempt would be made to fulfill the treaty to the utmost. . . . He hoped that the present German government would weather through."

**T**HUS Mr. Lloyd George sketched for a party of journalists his impressions of the conference that had just been concluded at Spa. Five months have passed since then, and the momentous issues of Spa have almost faded from our minds, half obliterated by more spectacular events. The Polish war, the revolution in Italy, the Irish rebellion, and the shadow of the industrial struggle that is still convulsing England have all but effaced the stale memory of Germany and the treaty. Yet the treaty remains the key to the European situation; and in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, Germany and the treaty will again occupy the centre of the stage. For an explanation of this approaching crisis we must go back to the Spa conference and the events that led up to it.

The road to Spa was a tortuous and difficult one; the credit for finding it belongs to Mr. Lloyd George. At Paris, with the disturbing memory of his election pledges still vivid in his mind, he had, reluctantly it is believed, thrown in his lot with the French reactionaries. A year later, when England began to show signs of disillusionment, and eastern Europe, after twelve months of peace, remained a spectacle of almost incredible disorder and misery, he was only too ready to give rein once more to his long-repressed better instincts. So, recognizing the treaty as the root of the trouble, he became to the dismay of his French colleagues on the Supreme Council, the adroit but persistent advocate of a meeting with the German government. To revise the treaty? Certainly not, declared Mr. Lloyd George, merely to discuss it. But the French were not deceived; and when, at San Remo last April, the proposal came up for discussion, they opposed it with all their force. The Italians, however, threw their weight on the side of Mr. Lloyd George; and the French were finally constrained to join in a note to Berlin, which, while asserting the inviolability of the treaty, proposed a meeting with German delegates in May to discuss the means of enforcing it.

A series of preliminary conferences was required to compose the allies' own differences. The first, a somewhat mysterious meeting confined to Mr. Lloyd George and M. Millerand, took place at Hythe in May. A month later, a full conference of the allies

assembled at Boulogne. The proceedings, carefully stage-managed by the French government, were so cordial and unanimous that it began to look as if the Germans were to come to Spa simply to hear a fresh homily upon their sins, coupled with a more detailed interpretation of the treaty. But if the spirit of the conference encouraged this impression, the final outcome belied it; for at Boulogne the allies, still proclaiming their determination never to revise the treaty, actually agreed to vary the clauses dealing with the indemnity so as to reduce, probably by about one half, the claims that had been put forward at Versailles.

Having fixed the spoils—nebulous and fantastic even in their reduced form—that were to be extracted from a half-ruined Germany whose budget in spite of an income tax rising to 80%, already showed a deficit of thirty-nine billion marks, the delegates proceeded in the same light-hearted mood to apportion them. The original scheme of distribution had given offence to some of the smaller allies, so a fresh basis was discussed. But some obstacle must have been encountered; for no decision was reached, and a final conference was called to assemble at Brussels on July 3rd, two days before the date set for Spa.

To Brussels accordingly three weeks later the allies repaired, still outwardly cheerful. The story goes that Mr. Lloyd George, motoring through Belgium on his way to the meeting, was so surprised by the obvious prosperity of the countryside that he decided to press for a revision of the treaty clause that provided for Belgium's receiving, prior to the other allies, an initial indemnity payment of two and a half billion francs. The Belgians were furious, and the French, who wanted that military alliance, some details of which have recently been made public, stood by them. The upshot was that the priority clause was allowed to stand. But the festive spirit of Boulogne had been lost, and it was in an atmosphere of gloom and suspicion that the allies concluded their preliminary discussions by allotting to France 52% of the indemnity, to Britain 22%, to Italy 10%, to Belgium 8%, to Serbia 5%, and to the rest of the allies an undetermined share in the remaining 3%: as the Italian representative, Count Sforza, described it, "an equitable distribution of our disappointments."\*

On Monday, July 5th, the allied statesmen arrived at Spa to find the German delegates in as apprehensive

\*This distribution was again amended at Spa by throwing Serbia's 5% into the residue, awarding .75% to both Japan and Portugal, and leaving the rest to be apportioned among Roumania, Greece, Serbia and others.

and gloomy a mood as themselves. The hopes that had been aroused in Germany by the San Remo note had withered with each subsequent declaration of allied policy, until the Germans now looked forward with nothing more than resignation to the conference from which three months before they had expected so much. And their depression was aggravated by domestic discords. The recent elections, fulfilling the predictions of careful observers, had resulted in the fall of the moderate socialist government that had borne the brunt of allied policy since the armistice; but the new government, a makeshift coalition, which included the reactionary People's Party, depended for existence upon the forbearance of its predecessors. So the opening of the conference could hardly be regarded as auspicious for either side. The German representatives felt themselves to be weak and inexperienced; while the allies could with difficulty conceal the jealousies and conflicts that shook them.

The first clash came over disarmament. The allies declared that the German forces, including the unauthorized police formations, numbered a million armed men, and that in addition two million rifles were lying about the country in the hands of civilians. They demanded an immediate reduction to the treaty figure of one hundred thousand, and also complete disarmament of the civilian population. The Germans protested that so drastic a reduction would involve grave danger, both from the militarists and communists, and would moreover make it next to impossible to carry out the disarmament of civilians. So far were the allies impressed by these fears, that they agreed to extend the time for the reduction of the regular army (Reichswehr) until January 1st, 1921, but the police formations, the Sicherheitspolizei and the Einwohnerwehr, must go at once, the civilians must be disarmed without delay, and all remaining aerial and war material required to be surrendered under the treaty must be handed over forthwith. No one will grumble with this decision. The task it imposed upon Germany is no doubt a difficult one, but it is a task that must obviously be completed before there is any chance of the allies reducing their own forces.

When the conference came to discuss the all-important subject of coal they found themselves on more slippery ground. The pre-war German output had been about sixteen million tons a month; now with the Saar gone, with Silesia subject to a plebiscite, with the mining plants deteriorated and the miners underfed, the monthly output had fallen to about ten million tons. Of this reduced output the treaty had preempted three and a quarter million tons a month for France; but so far the most that had been delivered in any one month had been nine hundred thousand tons in May. The modified claim that the allies now put forward was for two

million tons a month. The Germans countered with an offer that worked out at about a million and a half. The allies retorted that the difference between their demand and this offer was merely a fractional one. Surely, they argued, it was not unreasonable that Germany should be prepared to face whatever inconvenience or hardship might be involved in this extra fraction. On the face of it this looked reasonable enough; but in fact the argument neglected a cardinal point—namely, that in every community a large proportion of the coal supply is consumed in work that, while absolutely essential, is in a sense unproductive. The railways, the various public utilities, and the electric lighting companies must receive their coal before any becomes available for general industry. Moreover the amount required for these purposes cannot readily be reduced. Now a moderate estimate of this first charge on Germany's coal supply, is six million tons a month, which leaves at most only four millions available for industry. So it is out of a four million surplus, not a ten million total, that the allies' claim must be met. What was being demanded therefore, was exactly half the German coal available for industry.

Regarded from this point of view, the question of the coal indemnity was not one of a comparatively small fraction, but of a proportion so large that it might prove absolutely vital to a country faced with economic ruin and required to speed up industry to meet a gigantic indemnity. All of this the German delegates pointed out; and they pointed out too that an occupation of the Ruhr, with which the allies now threatened them, was the last way in which to encourage production. Herr Stinnes, the coal magnate, declared truculently that German miners would not work under the bayonets of black troops; Dr. Simons and Herr Hue, the miners' representative said the same thing, only more tactfully. Outside the conference room Herr Stinnes threatened the government with destruction if they surrendered. So the Germans, counting upon the dissensions of the allies, stood by their offer; a deadlock ensued; and the allies played their trump card. Marshall Foch and Sir Henry Wilson were summoned to arrange an occupation of the Ruhr.

But Mr. Lloyd George had no intention of allowing the French to wreck his conference while any road to a settlement lay open; so even after the soldiers had arrived, he continued to negotiate unofficially with the German delegates; and it was he who devised a solution. Germany was to agree to deliver the two million tons a month; but the allies were to pay her, not in depreciated marks, but in food and credits. The formal agreement provided that the allies should credit the German reparation account with the pit-head price of the coal plus five marks a ton, and that the difference between this and the world market price should be paid



back to Germany in cash or food. Germany was assured generally of the raw materials of which she stood in need; the miners of the Ruhr were given a specific promise of food and necessities; and one and a half million tons of coal a month were allotted to Germany from the plebiscite area in upper Silesia. The agreement concluded by providing that should Germany fail to deliver six million tons by November 15th, the allies would be entitled to occupy the Ruhr basin.

With the solution of the coal crisis the conference virtually came to an end. No one felt equal to tackling the question of the indemnity, and the Germans were unwilling to submit a proposal until they had received more specific information with regard to their economic future. So the question that had loomed so large in the preliminary discussions was referred to a mixed commission; and their report, which should have been presented to a special conference at Geneva two months ago, is still withheld at the instance of the French government.

What is the real significance of this turbulent, inconclusive meeting? Was it, as Mr. Lloyd George maintained, a happy and impressive augury for the future; or was it just another casual episode in the still unfinished story of the German goose and the golden egg? One thing at any rate is clear: the treaty—the unalterable, dictated treaty—has been definitely revised. But that is not the sole justification of Spa; there is another aspect hardly less important. It was the first time, to use Mr. Lloyd George's own words, that the allies had really met the Germans since the terrible war. They met them in a suspicious, hostile mood; they talked with them and disputed with them in an atmosphere that was often heated and angry; but they parted from them in a spirit of comprehension, and, in one or two cases, actually of admiration. The official, formal hatred of war-time, had shown themselves to be no longer proof against personal contact.

So much is clear; but what of the more fateful consequences that seem likely to confront us within a few weeks? Suppose that Germany at the middle of this month is found to have fallen short in her coal deliveries, or to have failed in disarming her civilian population; will the allies enforce their sanction and occupy the Ruhr? We know what the policy of France will be; the French press with the treaty always in mind calls almost daily for a further occupation of German territory. We know too what the saner, though less influential counsels of Italy will be. But what will Mr. Lloyd George do? Will he succeed in translating into policy the hopes that Spa aroused in him? If he fails, if the critical weeks that now draw near find him in a reactionary mood, then the wars and blockades and occupations will continue a little longer, will continue perhaps until Europe wears herself out with strife and hunger,

or until a more imminent and sweeping catastrophe plunges her suddenly still deeper in misery.

E. H. BLAKE

### Workmen's Compensation

IN practically every industrialized community the principle is recognized that industry should accept the responsibility for the casualties among its work people. The labour point of view, of course, is that workmen are in the position of soldiers and that workmen injured in their employment, are as much entitled to care and remuneration as soldiers wounded in action. The country pays and maintains the soldier when he is wounded just as when he is fit for service, and when he is discharged, the country gives him a pension. So in industry, the employer should pay and maintain the workman while he is disabled just as when he is fit, and if his injuries render him useless for further work, the employer should give him a pension for life. Another way of putting it is that if a manufacturer pays for the repairing of a machine that has broken down in his service, there is at least as much reason why he should pay for the rehabilitating of a workman who has broken down—either through specific injury or in general health—while in his service.

With this view the enlightened modern employer goes a long way in agreement. The 18th and even 19th century view—so clearly reflected in the English Common Law—that even in the case of a particularly dangerous employment, the workman took the job with his eyes open and therefore could claim nothing in case of injury,—that view is a thing of the past. It is recognized that industry does owe some duty to its injured servants, and both in England and America, employers have come forward and collaborated in the framing of compensation acts. The whole question nowadays is one of what the limits of the duty are, how the compensation is to be determined, and when determined, how paid,—whether entirely by the employer or in part by the workman.

In order to answer this question, it is necessary to examine the actual working of the various compensation acts now in operation. At the outset, we stumble on the fact that the overwhelming number of cases to be dealt with are short period disability cases. Thus in 1919 in Ontario, 47% of the cases terminated in 2 weeks, 68% in 3 weeks, and 90% in 6 weeks. These figures are typical of the experience with every workmen's compensation act. Such being the situation, it is obvious that in fixing the scale of compensation, one, if not the chief, consideration ought to be, to encourage the quickest possible return to work and to discourage any tendency to draw out the period of disability. This is particularly important, of course, in the case of persons of a low



earning-capacity, who it is to be noted, are also, in most cases, of a less industrious and responsible type.

This point of view, of course, would be utterly repugnant to the protagonist of Labour. While he would not deny that a high scale of compensation might conceivably induce a slight amount of malingering, he would not admit that the danger was one of the governing considerations. Such a thing, he would argue, is simply a question of administration. Appoint capable and honest commissioners and doctors to administer the law, and the danger of malingering will be negligible. The obvious criticism is that no matter how capable and honest your administrators, the law must be such as to lend itself to efficient administration. Ill-conceived and unwisely-framed laws defy the efforts of the most efficient and honest administrators. This in passing.

Rejecting, then, the malingering argument for conservatism and caution, the Labour theorist lays it down that the proper and just measure of compensation is 100% of earnings during the period of disability. The injury has been sustained in the service of industry and industry should see that, financially at least, the workman does not suffer.

That such a scale is too radically high is not, of course, proved by the fact that no community in the world has seen fit to adopt it. But the fact that 66⅔ per cent. of earnings is the highest scale that has anywhere been adopted does at least put upon the advocates of the 100% scale the onus of establishing their case. And in such a question it is clear that one of the considerations must be the fact that the industries of one country are in competition with those of other countries and cannot with impunity be unduly handicapped in that competition. Thus the question of scale of compensation takes its place with, for instance, the eight-hour day as a proper subject-matter for international consideration and settlement.

In the meantime, it is submitted that the sound principle to be applied is adequate maintenance during disability. Such a principle solves at once the malingering difficulty. The ideal scale of compensation, on this view, would be one high enough to provide adequate maintenance and medical attendance during disability but not so high as to be in danger of inducing malingering. No doubt this view will be attacked as being unfair to the man whose injury is in no way due to his own fault. Such a man, it will be urged, ought not to suffer any financial loss. It must be remembered, however, that it is not with such cases alone that we are called upon to deal. Under the great majority of present-day compensation acts, the workman is entitled to compensation regardless of whether or not he has been negligent. If every accident were a real "accident", if, that is to say, there were no fault on the part of

the workman, the principle put forward might well be reconsidered. But in a very large number of cases, there is negligence and often serious negligence, on the part of the injured man. If, therefore, the principle of maintenance during disability involves some hardship on the man who has been guilty of no negligence, the payment of full wages to men whose own negligence was the cause of their injury would involve even greater hardship the other way, that is on those who are taxed to pay the compensation. The compromise of basing compensation on the cost of maintenance during disability, though admittedly not perfect, is, it is submitted, an equitable solution.

Such a principle applies only, of course, to cases of total disability, permanent or temporary. For cases of partial disability, temporary or permanent, the procedure will necessarily be different. Here it is a matter of estimating the percentage by which a man's earning capacity has been impaired. Many systems have been tried. The English method is to give a nominal award and then wait to see what wages the injured man earns on his return to work. The drawbacks of such a method are obvious. The man's employment may be of such a nature that his earning capacity, for the moment at least, is not impaired at all; a dishonest man may feign greater incapacity than he actually suffers from, and so on *ad infinitum*, as has been found in England. In California, on the other hand, a schedule has been compiled "comprising 12,711,240 possible combinations or ratings which have been carefully computed and made readily understandable by a person mentally competent to find in a railroad time-table when a train leaves"! (*sic*). It requires no great boldness to prophesy that such a scheme will fall "of its own weight". The sensible compromise between these two extremes seems to be that adopted in Ontario, of allowing so much for a specific injury (loss of eye, loss of leg, etc.) taking into account the work of the man but regardless of the actual decrease in earning capacity.

This brings us to the question of the administration of compensation legislation. Should claims be settled in the ordinary courts or should there be, as in Ontario, a special board charged with the task of administering the law, quite independent of the courts of law? A comparison of English with Ontario experience leaves no doubt that the "board" system is infinitely preferable. The English system inevitably involves the very things that it ought to be the main object of a compensation law to avoid—viz., uncertainty, delay and expense. Thus in England, as a result of the expensive litigation, etc., involved, the efficiency of the Act is said to have been reduced 50%; in the United States, where the insurance companies are allowed to deal with the workmen, investigation has disclosed the most

serious abuses, in the way of short settlements, etc. With these conditions contrast the record in Ontario for 1919. Only 1.71 per cent. of the assessment paid by employers went to pay the expenses of administration. In other words, over 98% of the money contributed for compensation purposes found its way to the pockets of the injured workmen, and that too, without any of the uncertainty and delay incident to litigation. Nor is the advantage by any means all on one side. The employer is benefited by the relief from the old-time long-drawn-out litigation. A considerable weight of worry and annoyance is lifted and his relations with his men are appreciably improved. The case for administration by special board may fairly be said to have been demonstrated.

One word more. A comparison of the present-day Ontario Act with the Common Law—which alone governed the master-servant relationship prior to 1880—may be interesting as showing at a glance the progress that has been made. An action at Common Law was available only when it could be shown that the personal injury complained of arose from the employer's personal negligence or because he knowingly employed an incompetent servant. Even then, however, the plaintiff might have to meet the defence of "*volenti non fit injuria*", not to speak of the counter-charge of "contributory negligence". Furthermore, even if the plaintiff successfully surmounted the defences of *volenti non fit injuria* and contributory negligence, there remained the even more serious obstacle of the doctrine of "common employment", which excluded liability when the injury was caused to the workman by reason of the negligence of a fellow-workman in the employment of the same master for the purposes of the same business, regardless of whether the injured man was bound to obey the orders of the fellow-servant whose negligence caused the injury. So far the Common Law.

The Ontario Act—and the other Canadian Acts are substantially similar—provides that the workman or his dependents are to be entitled to compensation irrespective of negligence or any other circumstance, except only that the accident must not be attributable solely to his own serious or wilful misconduct, and even then compensation is payable if the accident results in serious disablement or death. It is doubtful if there is any field of law in which such striking progress has been made. X.

### What the Public Needs

THE War may have weakened our faith in many things, but it greatly strengthened the belief in propaganda. At one time, not far distant, it was supposed that our liberties as freemen were

protected by an active and intelligent public opinion. Governments bowed, and politicians cringed before it. Here in Canada we held it in not a little reverence; and our more impressionable neighbours to the south (at least when they were called to public office) spoke of the Voice of the People as the Voice of God. Those halcyon days are over; maturity has made an end of this illusion. We know that the public cannot be trusted of itself to make up its mind. Its opinion, like the potter's clay, waits for the moulding which shall give it form and purpose. And just as the potter who moulds it is of much more importance than his clay, so may we infer that an artist in publicity, moulding what is still politely described as public opinion, is of much more importance than the thing that he controls.

The new knowledge has brought with it new possibilities of spending the taxpayer's money. Before it was realized that a little judicious expenditure never fails to produce an impression, officials observed a very proper caution in sanctioning expenditure on propaganda. No suggestion is here intended, which would impute to them a niggardly shortsightedness; they were honest creatures of their time. Looking back, however, we can see that their caution was excessive. Holders of office may have been unduly hampered in their duties, by having to "make good" in each promotion, before they could expect their meed of praise. It was all too reminiscent of the jarvey with the carrot. Our own generation has another method. To-day the new head of the Soldier Settlement Board assumes the duties of his office, while his department informs the public (at the public expense) that (besides being prominent in athletics) he "represented Dalhousie in 1905 in the intercollegiate debate with the University of New Brunswick, the subject being Trade Unionism". Lest it should be supposed that his skill is merely forensic, follows the statement that he "took the combined seven years course in three years, and graduated with high honours in History and English Literature". The Board does well to describe the scholastic career of its Chairman as "a particularly brilliant one"; and pending fresh triumphs in the sphere of soldier-settlement, the citizens to whom the cost of this biography will be charged have been given something quite instructive to occupy their minds.

The LABOUR GAZETTE has been slow to fall in with the movement. The laboriously compiled information which it presents on prices and employment, its records of labour disputes and labour congresses, have been invaluable to the student of Canadian affairs. But they have been informative, rather than persuasive. Only in the summer of 1920 did it commit itself for the first time to the policy of propaganda. The supplement to the August number is

however a frank departure from the conservative journalism of the past.

The LABOUR GAZETTE believes that "the people of Canada do not as a whole fully appreciate the gravity of the socialist movement in this country". In the hope of rousing more appreciation it has concocted a little work, which deserves all the publicity that this magazine can give it. It is called "Information Respecting the Russian Soviet System and its Propaganda in North America". Its facts are collected mainly from three sources. The GAZETTE relies on "a gentleman who left Petrograd in 1918" (he modestly remains anonymous), on the files of the London TIMES, and on the report of a committee of the United States Senate. Whether the GAZETTE thinks there have been so few gentlemen in Petrograd, that this description identifies its correspondent sufficiently, we do not know. In any case, one reader fails to "place" him. The person quoted in THE TIMES is also nameless. But the Senate Committee, more generous in detail, specifies its source of information. The man from whom it learned so much is not a gentleman at all. He is Ludwig G. A. K. Martens, self-announced ambassador of Soviet Russia. The Senators, with fine simplicity, speak of him as "Martens": thereby reminding us that the United States is a democratic country.

Thrice-armed with knowledge, the GAZETTE cites a great many facts (whose truth is well established) to prove that Russia is a most distressful country. Food is lacking and fuel, locomotives to consume the fuel and men to drive the locomotives. Disorder rules everywhere. It is even said that people "without adequate qualifications" are appointed to responsible posts, "solely because they happen to belong to the party in power". Numbers of Canadians, however, fail to realise this. Idealists may be found among them; and the writer of the pamphlet invites these idealists to consider what would happen to the Dominion if all land not personally tilled by the owner were confiscated, all banks were nationalized, and all persons "who do not perform useful social functions" were deprived of the vote. The rhetorical question is legitimate, yet it may be regretted. Such invitations to thought are under certain circumstances a mistake. They weaken a case that is otherwise extremely strong. For we can imagine a reply by one of these misguided idealists, which might run somewhat as follows: "What would happen in Canada if all coal imports from the United States were shut off by a blockade of long standing, the mines of Nova Scotia were in the hands of foreign enemies, typhus was raging in our cities, and the same foreign enemies deliberately prevented us from getting drugs and medical supplies?" It is to be feared that an open-minded man (on or off the LABOUR GAZETTE) would find it hard to frame an

adequate rejoinder. Even under the present economic system, it would be difficult to feed and clothe the people. This was indeed frankly recognized as early as March of this year in a British Government document "The Soviet System in Russia in Theory and in Practice", which criticizes the system from quite a different standpoint.

In unveiling the sinister activities of Socialism in Canada the writer of this little work is equally hesitant to drive home the dreadful truth. Here again, many readers will wish he had mastered his scruples. His point is only weakened when in illustrating the statement that almost all the socialist societies in Canada repudiate religion, he reprints (on page 14) a card of membership of the One Big Union which is almost a monument of old fashioned piety. Surely the LABOUR GAZETTE has somewhere in its files the card of some revolutionary society which is not distinctively Christian. The suggestion is respectfully offered that if the case of the Jewish Bolshevik Party had been cited it would at least have met this requirement.

The same disarming chivalry hampers him when he dwells on their activities in Canada. He shows, for instance, that appeals have been circulated to all O.B.U. units in Canada to contribute to a fund for sending medical assistance to Soviet Russia. It is doubtless very reprehensible for these adherents of the One Big Union to succour a people who, if they are not declared enemies of this country (we refused to make war on them and have only blockaded them instead) are at least not among its best friends. Nevertheless there is little room for doubt that the O.B.U. has done things much worse than this. The things it has done may not be fit to print. The LABOUR GAZETTE has to consider the susceptibilities of its public, but it is natural to suppose that instances of moral turpitude could be found in the record of the O.B.U., which while not unprintable, were nevertheless more likely to shock the public conscience than this attempt to help the Russians with medical supplies.

Perhaps however this is not the final word on the subject of Soviet Propaganda. Perhaps our author will return to the charge. He has succeeded in this little work in whetting without satisfying an appetite for information. There must be many readers who will ask for more.

Meanwhile it should be noted that the future of departmental propaganda will depend in large measure on the reception accorded to the document. Any coldness on the part of the people, towards a public enterprise of this kind, will make it exceedingly difficult to continue the work begun with so much energy. The possibility that it may be neglected is a distressing thought for any man, who considers it the business of officials to form the public mind.

G. E. JACKSON.



## DOMESTIC DISCONTENT

**A**N old argument against universal education was that there would come a time when the drudgery of the world would be left undone through lack of people unambitious enough to undertake it. That time does not seem to have come yet, so far as concerns the drudgery of standing hour after hour and day after day handling or watching the same bit of machinery. But there is at the present time a serious shortage of people willing to undertake the far less monotonous drudgery of running a house. The business of running a house is, for women, a very large part of the business of marriage. Some of us wish to delegate this housekeeping to paid assistants, and we are seriously put about if these assistants are not forthcoming. But it is apparent that it is hopeless to expect a return to the days of faithful, life-long retainers, and meanwhile many of us are wasting quite a slice of our lives in pining for the impossible and comparing notes about our misfortunes.

The well-educated woman wants to do much more than housework. She has been trained to value mental and spiritual life for its own sake, and she asks for a good deal more than the "trivial round, the common task". She refuses to acquiesce in the theory of self-effacement and self-sacrifice which generations ago men invented to keep women in their place, and, while she takes her job as seriously as did her mother and grandmother, she cannot admit that she is or should be called upon to stifle her mind and keep it too in its place. She demands an opportunity to live in the world of books and music and friendship, all of which require time. It seems clear too that, if she tries to do all that the "good housewife" should do, she will fail. She is sure to find her thwarted desire for leisure and friendship turn to illtemper. The best things will go for the less good, and gradually she will lose heart and enthusiasm. This is a real problem for educated married women to consider. If they are not content to drift into continual worry over the "help" question, let them take a stand immediately, and so take possession of their own lives that they are no longer the victims of circumstance, but the creators of a new way of life.

The care of a house and children is not unpleasant to most women. And it is certainly not too easy for the best educated of women. No one need feel that it makes too slight a demand upon brain or character. In fact most would probably say that if they could feel at the end of the day that they had completed a day's job and done it well and had a little time for other things, they would find all the happiness to be found in any work. What is it that prevents many women from feeling this? The question is so im-

portant that very much of the happiness of all our lives depends on it. If women could feel so content with their work, we could be more sure of happy evenings for men, women, and children. It is foolish and ridiculous and supremely unworthy of sensible educated people that they cannot so order and control their lives as to win this sense of free complacency when the honest day's work is done.

In the first place they attempt far too much. Here, many are quite foolish. If there is not much help available, big sections of unnecessary work could be cut out—most of the sewing, all of the canning, much of the cooking. Why not do as little of these things as possible instead of as much? If there is any margin of income why not spend it on buying leisure? If people to cook and wash in the house are hard to come by, why not use the services which they are willing to give in bakery and laundry? If the opportunity to read and talk is really desired, there must be the readiness to sacrifice a little money, a little reputation for housewifeliness, and a little of the special flavour of home-made jam.

There is in Canada a fast increasing number of well-educated women. And far too many of them are unable to follow up the interests which have been awakened and developed in them. What hope is there of free intellectual life for them? Thoreau was convinced that the machinery of life, the acquiring of food and shelter and clothing, should occupy but a small portion of a man's time and it is probable that, if educated housewives are to do more than live on their intellectual capital, some kind of domestic revolution is necessary. Courageous experiment is required to break down conventions and traditions based on two outworn practices—that of living as a clan, many branches of a family in a house, and that of educating the girls far less than the boys. Perhaps our habits of eating and drinking are based on these practices and the dimensions of dish-washing are, in consequence, quite disproportionate to the spiritual demands of women. Let us then break through some of these dishes and do something drastic to win back our self-respect. Women are so miserably at the mercy of things that they cannot live without whining at them. Every religious revival calls men away from preoccupation with the material side of life, and then the orthodox humdrum religious teacher in his turn tells men, and especially women, to find in drudgery their salvation. The well-educated woman should side with the reformer, with Christ and St. Francis and Savonarola and Fox. The austerity of these men has its chief value in the freedom which it gives. If you prepare the one needful dish which Martha's guest would have preferred to



her elaborate dinner, there is so much more time for friendly talk. If your dress is the dress of your order there is so much more time for the life of the spirit, for walks in the country, for contemplation of your brother and sisters, the sun and the birds. If you have no gold and silver you need not clean it, and again you have time to live. It is all a question of values. And at present it is a question of individual values. For no doubt the world still sees little need for shortening the housewife's day, and pours forth its praise on the woman who does everything herself and is never leisured.

One of the wisest of little-known Englishmen wrote "When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees, and meads and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness, and to satiate that burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute, that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes, and feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labour." Only those housewives who value their time more than their jam can contribute much towards that new order where the life can be more than meat and the body than raiment.

But not much can be done by individuals. Thinking women as a whole must change their standards, their domestic customs, and their methods of enticing help. There might, for example, be far more entertaining without the inevitable meal. Invitation cards might be printed with "Please eat at home" in the corner. Even so the margin of time left for pursuing vital interests will be small, and some paid help will still be desirable. What is the most likely form that this help will take in the future? Everything indicates that the number of girls willing to live and work in other people's houses is on the decrease. The reasons are obvious. It is pleasant to have a work place and a living place. It is pleasant to live with people with whom you share a common point of view and a common idea of amusement. It is pleasant to be your own mistress over the ordinary little details of your off-time, your bed time, and your rising time; your bath, your exercise, and fresh air, and recreation.

Any organization dealing with domestic work could, if it had the confidence of employers and employed, do much more than handle casual appeals for help or for work. The women of an energetic community who feel the need of organized domestic work could get together and work out some scheme whereby this eternally recurring worry could be compelled to take a back seat. Their aim should be to make the good life possible for housewives and for paid assistants alike.

A comparatively small district could set the example, say the streets lying within a given square mile. Every house in the district might receive a letter asking for answers to some such questions as these:

1. Do you desire help in your house or with your children?

2. If so, for what work? at what hours? for what pay?

3. Is there any woman or girl in your house ready to give help in another house?

4. If so what work? at what hours? for what pay?

5. Are there children in your house?

6. Is there anyone in your house willing to take her turn (say two or three evenings a month) at staying with neighbours' children in the evenings when their parents are out?

The enterprising two or three who have made themselves responsible for canvassing the district will, if they get much encouragement from the returns, probably appoint a secretary whose duty it will be to try and turn the good will of the district to practical account. The answers to 6 will have to be classified under very small areas. It is conceivable that the answers to questions 3 and 4 might bring to light a girl with a gift for cleaning silver who could work for half a street, another who was a skilled bed-maker, a third who liked nothing better than dish-washing. So a procession of experts might be at our service and we should have merely to be at hand to let them in and out of the house. We should in our turn become expert door-openers.

It is, surely true that if a determined effort were made, as far as income allows, to reduce work, to make use of outside help such as that of laundry, bakery, nursery school, to organize paid help in the house for certain parts of the work, and to organize the neighbourly interchange of responsibility for the children in the evenings, this wearisomely monotonous discontent over the domestic problem would in great measure disappear. There would surely be more happiness, though of course there would have to be some hard thinking for topics of conversation.

MARGARET FAIRLEY

THE CANADIAN FORUM was incorporated without Share Capital on May 14th, 1920, for the purpose of publishing the magazine of that name.

The Directors are,

G. E. Jackson, *Chairman*

Barker Fairley, *Literary Editor*

C. B. Sissons, *Political Editor*

Peter Sandiford, *Business Manager*

Huntly Gordon, *Press Editor*

It has been suggested that the magazine accepting only contributions with many rejections to their credit would be the best periodical upon the market. THE CANADIAN FORUM while not accepting this proposal still hopes to maintain a high standard, as it is at present unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to THE CANADIAN FORUM, 162 St. George St., Toronto.



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## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

- I. A. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best limerick on, Coal.  
B. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best essay in 800 words on, Coincidences  
All entries must reach the Competitions' Editor not later than November 20, 1920
- II. A. We offer a prize of five dollars for an Epitaph on the Board of Commerce, in not more than 30 lines.  
B. We offer a prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on, A Letter of Advice to the next Canadian Novelist.  
All entries must reach the Competitions' Editor not later than December 20, 1920.

### NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions' Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.  
Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.  
Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.  
The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.  
The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

**A**BOVE we have announced the competitions of the next two months so that writers at a distance may have a chance to compete. In future, subjects will be announced a month in advance, and results published in the second issue following the announcement.

When a contribution is considered to be of sufficient merit, a second prize will be awarded, consisting of a free subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM. Some casuists may perhaps complain that they are already subscribing and that such a prize will be of little value to them. To these we would reply that one cannot have too much of a good thing: that the winner of the second prize will be in the fortunate position of being able to give a year's subscription to his nearest and dearest friend, who will of course be under the impression that he paid for the magazine in cold cash and will be grateful accordingly. But we need enumerate no further the many useful purposes which may be served by the award of so excellent a second prize.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS ANNOUNCED IN OCTOBER.

A. A prize of five dollars for the best essay in 800 words on, The Automobile in Fiction.

The editor regrets that it was impossible to make an award in this competition, as no contribution of sufficient merit was received.

B. A prize of five dollars for a Soliloquy of Hamlet in not more than 50 lines, on, Seeing himself in the movies.

The prize for this competition has been awarded to George Bayly, Port Credit, Ont. for his soliloquy which we print in full below.

### The Prize Poem

#### A SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET ON SEEING HIMSELF IN THE MOVIES

Horatio: Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet: Sir, a whole history.

Horatio: The movies, sir,—

Hamlet: Ay, sir, what are they?

Horatio: The best pictures in the world, for they move, and depict tragedy, comedy, history, and one there is that depicts thine own self.

Hamlet: I do not well understand that, will you show me my own self?

Horatio: My lord, that I can.

Hamlet: Let us go. Come with me on the instant.

#### In the moving picture palace.

Hamlet: To be, or to have been: that is the question

Yon face so clearly to be seen is mine.

But I am here, I speak, I see, I feel.

Yet here and there at once I cannot be.

It is my spirit? or that cunning Fiend

The Devil, thinks with guile my soul to steal,

And to accomplish this my shape has taken.

The Devil or my spirit, there's the rub;

I'll watch with care and may perchance discover.

This bodes some strange eruption to my state.

That un-matched form and feature of blown youth!

No ghost would thus before the world appear.

It cannot be. The spirit that I have seen

Must be the Devil: and the Devil hath power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps

Abuses me to damn me.

And can I now distinguish, by selection

Some known satanic attributes, the horn

Invisible; the cloven hoof, in shoon?

Some other mark that I distrust, I seek

And all too quickly find. I reel, the blood

That roars so loud and thunders in my head

Now blurs my sight. Thou rash, intruding fool

Look here upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of thyself.

Satan alone could thus my life portray.

A life-time in an hour we here behold;

No pause, no rest. I never moved so fast,

Nor talked and gestured with such vehemence.

My life before me passes as a dream

Like nimble lightnings Satan darts about,

From court, to grave, to ship, my whole life through.

Enough, we'll go from here, O come away

My soul is full of discord and dismay.



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## SHELVED

"I HAVE to run over and see an old parishioner, Mrs. Davis, for a few minutes before we go. Like to come along?"

Near the end of the village street, we turned up a narrow gravelled walk, bordered with white-painted cobble stones, to where a neat frame cottage peeped from behind two thick-grown lilac bushes, which, planted at the ends of the verandah, seemed to be trying to fling meeting wings across the path, as if to bar egress or entrance. The two verandah posts nearest them were rotting from the continual dampness.

In answer to our knock, a somewhat high-pitched and slightly querulous voice invited us in. The room was militantly neat. A small, black sofa, upholstered in horsehair, was old enough to reveal its springs by means of two rows of miniature circular eminences, the worn rings of which had been severely darned to prevent the tops of the spirals from emerging to view. Two cushions, plump, hard and smug, divided the length of the sofa into three exactly equal portions, and standing haughtily on one corner, asked us by means of a stamped inscription on the one, "What is Home without a Mother?" and on the other, told us with flowers that we were "Welcome". At the same time, however, they effectually intimidated visitors and kept the sofa inviolate. A large Bible and a church periodical lay on the oval walnut table. The six high-backed straight chairs stood ranged as sentinels along the walls. The walls themselves were sombre in a dark brown striped paper, but were relieved by two crayon family groups, a picture of Windsor Castle and a calendar picture which had been carefully deprived of all advertising value by close framing.

A coal stove—a high base burner—gleaming in its nickel brilliancy, and glowing with the red of a generous fire, even though it was early September, almost filled the space between the table and the east wall. Next to it the east window held a row of ripening tomatoes, scrupulously ranged as to size like some system of vegetable weights. Ensconced between the window and the table, with her feet on the stove fender, in a padded and quilted rocker, was Mrs. Davis herself.

She did not rise; she barely slackened her vigorous rocking.

"I'm sure it's very good of you to come to see me," she said, "and to bring Mr. Dawson. I'm sure it's very good of you.—Yes, I knew his name was Dawson. Mabel told me."

"Mabel!" ejaculated Fred, "Why, where is she? I thought—"

"She is picking mushrooms, and taking as long

about it as she possibly can, just as if she took a delight in leaving me here alone. She's a strange child, Mr. Phillips, and I don't pretend to understand her."

I really believed I could see a shade of disappointment cross Fred's face. It couldn't have been that, of course.

"Why, I heard that she—" he began.

The energy with which the old lady brought her chair to a stop and launched her interruption was startling.

"She did!" she said.

Then she subsided and an awkward silence ensued. There was nothing for me to say. Fred seemed for once at a loss, and Mrs. Davis turned one of the tomatoes half way round, then slowly resumed her rocking. When she spoke again the slow complainingness of unoccupied old age had crept into her words.

"I always used to be afraid I would have trouble with Mabel some day; but I never thought the time would come when the child would turn against her own mother. I was reading in the Word when you turned in my gate about the sons of Eli. I read all the time now the places where it tells about children who didn't honour their parents. For six weeks, Mr. Phillips,—ever since,—I can't find any comfort except in those places where it tells about them."

"I am very—it's good that—" Fred was floundering.

"It was her father that was to blame. He was too worldly, and he didn't realize his responsibilities as a father to make the child honour and reverence her parents. Many a time, when I used to punish Mabel,—we lived out on the Wilson place then,—and I had to whip her often, for her father would never correct her, why, he used to get up and go out when I would whip her and encourage her in her stubbornness. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but it seems as if I must, but you wouldn't believe it when I tell you that I caught him climbing over the porch and putting a bunch of flowers or something on her window-sill one night when I had to correct her real severe. I never knew him in all his life to bring me a bunch of flowers. He never had any sympathy for me in all my trials.

"I did my best by the girl and I trained her till she was getting to be a help around the house. She done the dishes and the tidying and the scrubbing and washing when she was twelve, and if that isn't doing well by the girl and giving her a chance to learn to be useful,—but you wouldn't believe me when I tell you that child has never breathed one word about appreciating my training of her. I took her out of school when she was twelve so she could take

a little of the load off her mother's shoulders. Grandma, that's my mother, Mr. Dawson, always used to say if a child by the time it was eleven didn't realize it ought to begin to pay back the debt it owed its parents, why then it was time to make it realize it."

Fred twisted uneasily in his chair and looked over at me, but retained a marvellously sympathetic expression which did credit to his training, and which I did my best to emulate. Neither of us ventured any comment.

"I didn't have much trouble with her after that till she was twenty-two, going on twenty-three. That was the year the Biltons moved here and rented the farm next to our place from old Mr. Sawyer that lived on the third concession next the cheese factory. Their second oldest boy was this Frank. I seen right away they couldn't be much use to us for neighbours, but Mabel's father took a foolish notion to the family and had them over without saying one word to me about it when I was away at Grandma's visiting—that's my mother, Mr. Dawson.

"That done it. When I come back, I knew right away that something was wrong. Mabel was singing some silly thing around the house, and skipping around with the dishes as if she wasn't old enough to know better. She didn't own up anything, but I spoke pretty sharp to her about such nonsense and the duty she owed her parents, and she seemed to mind, for I didn't hear her acting up that way any more. The only thing I didn't like was she seemed kind of glad most of the time.

"Things went on that way until one night in September. I will never forget that night to my dying day. I went out into the yard to see whose team it was passing the corner, and I looked back into the back pasture. I never noticed such things before nor since, but it just seemed as if I was to drink my cup of tribulation right down, for I remember seeing that the sun was about half way down, and looking like a yellow mush bowl turned upside down, with a kind of bright light colour all over the west. And over in the east, the moon was full and big, and looking as if it was mocking me just over the tops of the trees on the pine knoll. Queer, wasn't it? I even remember one of the cows had just shook her head and made her bell ring, and I looked down the lane. You won't believe me when I tell you that I seen Mabel standing in the lane back by the haw tree with her head on that young wretch's shoulder. I am ashamed to tell it of my own daughter. They must have saw me, for he let her go, but then they come marching up the lane as bold as if they had not done a thing to be ashamed of. They did kind of slow down when they come close to me, but the next thing I knew Mabel's father had come past me and was actually shaking hands with that creature.

"Mabel," I said 'go into the house this instant.'

"The next minute I heard the girl's father say,

brutal and threatening, and before my very eyes, 'Don't do it unless you want to.' Can you believe it, Mr. Phillips? Actually inciting my own child to disobedience. It made me feel faint. I saw all the results of my training of that child in bringing her up in the nurture and admonition of obedience and duty fade away in an instant like the colours that aren't fast in a fresh-washed dress. And I went in without looking once more at them and prayed that the Lord would not requite their ingratitude on them. That very night was the night Mabel's father slipped and fell out of the hay-loft, and broke his neck. I hope that he was forgiven but I feel to this hour that it was a judgment on him for his wicked words that night."

I shuddered and looked across at Fred. It has always been a puzzle to me how an honest young radical like Fred would meet the challenge of this attitude. He didn't meet it now. He refused to look towards me, but stared with that galvanized look of sympathetic interest at the rocking figure.

"It was a warning to Mabel. When we found him, the first words she said was that she would stay with me and stand by me. Mark that promise, Mr. Phillips. It had took all of that to bring her to her duty. But she didn't do it cheerfully. I would often catch her crying, especially for a while after that Bilton creature left the settlement, and went to Toronto to work. It showed that she was thinking of herself and not of what she owed to me. Every year, about twice, that man would come down and stay three or four days. Mabel would go out with him, and they would go walking up and down the lane, and out in the back pasture. But I never saw any more of that nonsense of that dreadful night. Those times the child would forget all about me. She would fill my hot water sealer and everything just the same as usual, but I could see that she was not grateful to me. But I didn't complain. I felt that it was just the trial of my faith, and that there was no danger of them getting married. I had trained the girl too good, and she had had her warning. I felt more safe and contented, though, when one day she come in to me with a letter, and she said to me, I remember her eyes was a little bloodshot from sitting up too late reading the night before—well, she said to me.

"Mother," she said, 'Mr. Bilton is married.'

"Well, I'm very glad, Mabel," I said to her, 'and I'm sure he'll be very happy, and we'll wish him every happiness, won't we?' I said.

"Yes, mother," she said to me and then she went out to the back pasture to look for mushrooms, just like she's doing now. And I opened up the Bible and read all the thanksgiving psalms that morning. I felt it would be better for the child, too."

The rocking ceased, and now the old lady turned her glance on me. Fred's effort at the sustained ex-

pression of interest had passed beyond his control, and had become a nondescript near-grimace which was weirdly expressionless like the strained monotony of voice in a man who has long been totally deaf.

I thought I had to say something.

"How long ago was this, Mrs. Davis?" I asked.

"Twenty-three years last month she brought me the news. That was eight years after her father was killed. The man stayed away then entirely until fourteen years come next March. It was the first warm day, and I seen him standing out at the gate talking to Mabel again. Then I knew his wife was dead, and come to find out, would you believe it, Mr. Dawson, she had been dead four years then? That shows what I had saved Mabel from.

"From then on, they wrote again, regular, and the shameless creature started coming around again twice a year, just as if he thought he could go and marry somebody else, and then come back for Mabel. I told her so, too, but I couldn't get a word out of the child about it. That's the way things went on. We moved in here, and we were very happy and comfortable till the Lord seen fit to afflict me in my old age, beyond what I can bear."

Her voice had broken, and she was crying softly. Neither of us spoke, Fred's face still wore that idiotic mask which he thought conveyed sympathy, and I verily believe I was unconsciously imitating it. But the old lady's energy came back as suddenly as it had left. I doubted if she had lost her self-control for an instant.

"That was three weeks ago, to-morrow, as you know, Mr. Phillips. I was sitting here, Mr. Dawson, drinking a cup of tea, when I saw the two of them come up the walk. He was walking too brisk to suit me, too much like that night, but Mabel wasn't. They came in and stood there by the end of the table, and Mabel said, as unfeeling as if she didn't know she was breaking her mother's heart, she said, 'Mr. Bilton and I are going to be married, mother, and you are going down to Toronto to live with us.' Would you believe it, Mr. Dawson? She was actually expecting me to break up my home, and go traipsing off, nobody knows where, with them. To break up my home, mind you, to break up my own home for their selfish convenience." "No," I said, "You can go and leave me here to die, if you find your pleasure that way, but it is too cruel to expect me to break up my home, and I won't do it." "The creature didn't say a word; but Mabel tried to make me agree to give up the house here. And when I wouldn't, she went away and left me here to die. And she and the creature went and got married that same day. She even insulted me by hiring Mrs. Aikens to come running in every hour to do things. But I sent her packing I can tell you."

"But," cried Fred, "I thought you said that Mabel—"

"I did. Her father's end must have been a warning to her. She left the creature in Toronto and come home to me last night. And I didn't utter one word of reproach, Mr. Phillips. I just said to her, 'So you've had a row with your new husband?' and she said, 'No, mother,' and put my hot water sealer to warm."

J. D. ROBINS

## Island Night

### I

WHEN, taking off our overcoats, we touch their outer surfaces, we know that we are as damp, barring actual rain, as we shall be. Indifference comes to our rescue and we stop asking each other at short intervals why we have come. By its brightness the "Casino" beguiles us into an illusion of warmth and dryness, soon dispelled by the waves of mist drifting sluggishly through the door, and by the mackintoshes worn by the few other people in the place. They are clustered at the far end, these mackintoshes. They have before them drinks which in the dominant clamminess no available fire can make hotter than warm. Between them and us stretches a long space, broken by white railings, filled with empty tables and ironically flanked by a long and glittering soda-fountain, looking particularly arctic. Winding between the others there comes to our table, after we have waited certain mournful minutes, a waitress. She recognizes, clearly, at a glance that we are not islanders, and the glance asks us no less clearly why we are here on such a night. We know the scepticism of waiting persons and do not venture to defend ourselves. Fixing our attention on the opposite wall where hangs a bulletin-menu, we ask in succession for three hot dishes there typographically offered. One is "off" and we are too late for the others. Summer fare only remains (after all, it is still summer, the waitress points out) and we fall into disappointed assurance of cold beef and tomatoes.

But not into repose. The explanation of the two score mackintoshes comes to fill up the interval of waiting. It is not culinary. From an outdoor floor, roofed and to-night enclosed in awnings, an orchestra—presumably of three men and nine instruments—breaks out suddenly. It only sounds culinary. There is a jazz orchestra and dancing. The music echoes the weather in its underlying monotony, not to say melancholy, and in its sudden introductions of unexpected tones and pitches seems to try to remedy it through variety; unsuccessfully. The mackintoshes unanimously rise. They have come to this doleful community centre preferring it to their still more doleful tents and bedrooms. They file out leaving the "Casino" empty of people and



full of sound, a large space both filled and surrounded by reverberating foxtrot.

The dance, in its customary three sections and its two applausive pauses, completes itself. The mackintoshes and our supper enter together.

The supper is rather as if an ordinary cold meal had been made into ices. The very butter chips disconsolately as we try to spread it on our rolls. Each seed in each tomato injects a separate chill. The waitress is unsympathetic, silently suggesting a righteous joy that we pay the penalty of our hardihood. We put on our coats halfway through, and so fortified outwardly, and by tea inwardly—hot tea so startlingly hot that in replying to our comments "she" offers to bring us iced tea if we don't like it—we get up and go.

A new dance begins as we move away. Before we have gone a hundred feet the mist has stopped it down to a solo on the drum.

## II

A jutting bank of foliage shuts out the lights of the boathouse as our canoe rounds a bend. The mist would have done it in three seconds more anyway. The dark, reinforced by fog, winds about us and wraps us like black cotton wool. We slacken speed and feel our way as we go. The "Casino" drum follows us, but gets always fainter. By this and not by any sense of motion we know that we are passing down the lagoon.

As our eyes get accustomed to the dark we realize that it has its variations. Not solid, but heavy fold on fold less heavy, the mist drifts across the water. Sometimes a movement of air which we cannot feel, nor the leaves of the trees acknowledge, lifts it for a moment. At such times the water about us is no longer an opaque medium for floating canoes, but a green mirror shot with crimson. If we happen to be near to one of the lights on the bank, the mirror has a black frame where the bank throws its shadow, the light is an orange burr of a huge pussy willow still more furrily reflected in it. If there is a tree nearby a patch of its leaves stands out more sharply than the light itself, partly in relief, partly in silhouette; and under it, in bright relief, a space of trampled ground.

A further temporary lift—there is to be only one—shows us more distant trees, shadowy dancers motionless around a misty dancing-floor of green, mist-bordered.

The drum has stopped, or been lost, long ago—our first drum. Another takes its place. For the Island is a merry spot, distrustful of dreaming, however suitable the weather; and its merry-go-round is trying vigorously to ward off from visitors their probable depression. From our murky distance we imagine it deserted and think of animals whirling in a tungsten-lit void, riderless and lonely for riders. But we know we are wrong, though the notion is

comforting. They have riders, just as the orchestra has dancers; and in spite of cold and damp their riders in the intervals through force of summer habit are drinking coca-cola.

A bridge passes over us. In the minute of increased darkness we can see the lagoon in front and behind as a burr of orange and black. The bridge goes, yet the dark does not seem brightened, only changed a little in colour. Another canoe comes suddenly abreast out of the fog and passes within a paddle's length. The people in it, in the second we can see them, look at us severely. Of course we might easily have run into them. In the measureless and solitary lagoon they seem stranger than natives of Tibet.

Someone has turned on the foghorn till now pleasantly silent, or, if not silent, shut off by trees and the fog it is meant to penetrate. Now its blast reaches us raucously, travels the round of the island, crosses to the opposite shore and returns. The custodian is catching up. The noise makes speech, absent before, now impossible. Each blast seems to stop our boat, its end to release it on its way. Between blasts and silence we move on.

## III

The canoe tosses lightly as a series of swells meets it. The foghorn blast, fitful before and echoing, reaches us now direct, over a stretch of sandbanks and open water through a medium of mere mist and air. Again, by light whose source we cannot trace, we can see the folds of the mist moving slowly to and fro; see, too running to meet us, a light too subdued even for a glow, reaching far through the fog into the sky. Some distance off, sundry furry balls of light, like chubby caterpillars, move away from us and quickly disappear. They are the ferries, the cause of our tossing. We can see them no longer, but we can hear them—the thud of their slow paddles, and the chiming of their engine-room signals. Their swells have passed us. We can hear them breaking on the shore behind. They have left us to move, still wrapped in mist, on our level way.

We have no course to steer, except for the centre, as we judge it, of the towering brightness, and our progress, slow on the lagoon, we have to take on faith in the open water. The water is less opaque here, a clear medium like black air, and the orange mist both more infinite and less penetrable. We miss the unseen support of adjacent banks. In the vacancy we are not merely wrapped but held. Paddling steadily, we yet seem stationary as if moored; while around us, fortunately at a distance, move and chime and whistle, in pitches shrill and deep, the chubby caterpillars and the grumbling foghorn.

It ends with more tossing and with rolling too, as we meet converging ferry-wakes. The glow takes on fitful life as we approach the effective zone of the electric signs. The steamers still whistle and chime,

but not so acceptably as with distance between. Helped by the locomotive whistles, their whistles become shrieks, their bells confused with the locomotive bells become clangings and merge in the racket of the Esplanade. I look up and read in yellow letters bearing the caterpillar glow the flash "Dominion Tires are *Good Tires*". I put out my hand at the side and touch the wet, gritty boards of the landing.

ROBERT BEATTIE

### The Insidious Letter

LIFE is not altogether an easy thing in these days. It is really open to serious doubt whether life is entirely worth living. Yet there seems to be nothing else to do. One is beset by such a swarm of these unpleasant mosquito-like words beginning with p. There is something sly and insidious, something subtly penetrating, about psycho-analysis, psychopathology, pleuropneumonia, dementia praecox, that even an average healthy-minded Philistine like one of Walt Whitman's cows, who does not lie awake in the dark and think about his sins, finds himself insensibly succumbing to mental valetudinarianism. Life has become a burden to me of late. First there were these abominable clinics. I was dragged in by an enthusiastic friend to assist at some of these unholy performances. As the inquisitors gloated over the symptoms of something which they described mysteriously as d.p., I shuddered, and went home to lie awake in the dark and watch for the signs of dementia praecox. My wife's letters lay in my pocket unposted for weeks. I forgot the anniversary of our wedding-day. I felt the insidious approach of the disease, and knew myself doomed to shriek out my life in a padded cell.

Then there came along this Freudian business. My friend, the Office-Boy, gave up smoking and became gloomy and absorbed. I discovered from slight hints which he let fall that he was searching for signs of baffled instincts and repressed desires. I found that the real key to these subterranean dangers lay in one's dreams. If you could catch a fleeting dream, and find an interpreter, a Joseph, who might expound it to you and reveal to you your dark forgotten past, then there was hope, you might be saved. But the trouble was that while my nights might be riotous with a wealth of dream imagery that would provide a dozen Josephs with overtime, the morning light found my mind in its usual state of healthy vacuity. I saw no hope of salvation.

But now another and more terrible p. has attacked me. Bolshevism is bold, blunt, blatant.

There is nothing secret or insidious about the letter b. As a substantial property owner I felt safe from the inroads of any bolshevistic bug. But a new and horrible p. has begun to threaten me. It has put me off my putting completely. I cannot concentrate upon the ball. I am continually asking myself whether I am a victim of the latest disease of Potterism. Apparently it usually attacks comfortable, well-to-do, ordinary people. I am, it seems, of a Potterite diathesis. Its symptoms appear to include a dislike of what its discoverer calls "hard crisp facts". Its victims have a cheerful optimistic view of life. They talk about "the dear Queen". They read the novels of Harold Bell Wright and Ethel M. Dell. They follow the crowd, they support the Church and State, and are generally easy and agreeable to live with. All this has made me very uncomfortable. I cannot deny that I am always a little hazy about my score, or the length of my drive. Now the pleasure has wholly gone out of my game. Hard crisp facts sit on my bed-rail at night and gibber at me. I remember that the drive at the tenth hole did not really go into the river, and that I did not putt out at least five putts of six feet or so, and all the glow of pride at a putative score of 79 vanishes. A voice mockingly cries "Potterite", as I walk to church in my silk hat, and carry the plate round the crowded pews of St. Gabriel. I am attacked in my inmost fastnesses. I think I would submit to psycho-analysis, put up with dementia praecox, be cheerful under pleuropneumonia.

But this is too much. My mind is made up. Tomorrow, instead of playing golf in the afternoon which is so necessary for my health, I shall interview the member of parliament for my constituency. I shall put the whole matter before him and shall insist that at the very next session of Parliament he introduce a bill instructing the Minister of Education to remove from the language entirely and totally the letter p. and all combinations of that letter with sibilants or liquids. It is a bold move, but I feel sure that it will bring relief to thousands of innocent and respectable citizens. I shall urge that a strict censorship be established and that all persons found using or propagating this letter or such combinations of it as I have mentioned shall be deported at once as a menace to the State. I shall suggest that they be interned for life in Pennsylvania, Patagonia, or Prinkipo. Then I shall be able to enjoy golf and life once more.

P.S.—I saw the member, a most charming man. He agreed with me absolutely. He confided to me in strict secrecy that he had suffered in the same way for years, especially from Potterism. He promised to act upon my suggestion at once. We are going to play golf together next Monday.

THE GARGOYLE

## CARLO

"The dog that saved the lives of over ninety persons in that recent wreck, by swimming with a line from the sinking vessel to the shore, well understood the importance as well as the risk of his mission."—*Extract from a Newfoundland paper.*

I SEE no use in not confessing—  
To trace your breed would keep me guessing,  
It would indeed an expert puzzle  
To match such legs with jet-black muzzle;  
To make a mongrel, as you know,  
It takes some fifty types or so,  
And nothing in your height or length,  
In stand or colour, speed or strength,  
Could make me see how any strain  
Could come from mastiff, bull, or Dane.  
But, were I given to speculating  
On pedigrees in canine rating,  
I'd wager this—not from your size,  
Not merely from your human eyes,  
But from the way you held that cable  
Within those gleaming jaws of sable,  
Leaped from the taffrail of the wreck  
With ninety souls upon its deck,  
And with your cunning dog-stroke tore  
Your path unerring to the shore—  
Yes, stake my life, the way you swam,  
That somewhere in your line a dam,  
Shaped to this hour by God's own hand,  
Had mated with a Newfoundland.

They tell me, Carlo, that your kind  
Has neither conscience, soul, nor mind;  
That reason is a thing unknown  
To such as dogs; to man alone  
The spark divine—he may aspire  
To climb to heaven or even higher,  
But God has tied around the dog  
The symbol of his fate, the clog.  
Thus, I have heard some preachers say—  
Wise men and good, in a sort o' way—  
Proclaiming from the sacred box  
(Quoting from Butler and John Knox)  
How freedom and the moral law  
God gave to man, because He saw  
A way to draw a line at root  
Between the human and the brute.  
And you were classed with things like bats,  
Parrots and sand-flies and dock-rats,  
Serpents and toads that dwell in mud,  
And other creatures with cold blood  
That sightless crawl in slime, and sink.  
Gadsooks! It makes me sick to think  
That man must so exalt his race  
By giving dogs a servile place,  
Prate of his transcendentalism,  
While you save men by mechanism;  
And when I told them how you fought  
The demons of the storm, and brought  
That life-line from the wreck to shore,

And saved those ninety souls or more,  
They argued with such confidence,—  
'Twas instinct, nature, or blind sense.  
A *man* could know when he would do it,  
You did it and never knew it.

And so, old chap, by what they say,  
You live and die and have your day,  
Like any cat or mouse or weevil  
That have no sense of good and evil,  
(Though sheep and goats, when they have died,  
The Good Book says are classified)  
But you, being neuter, go to—well,  
Neither to heaven nor to hell.

I'll not believe it, Carlo, I  
Will fetch you with me when I die,  
And standing up at Peter's wicket,  
Will urge sound reasons for your ticket;  
I'll show him your life-saving label,  
And tell him all about that cable,  
The storm along the shore, the wreck,  
The ninety souls upon the deck,  
How one by one they came along,  
The young and old, the weak and strong,  
Pale women sick and tempest-tossed,  
With children given up for lost,  
I'd tell him more, if he would ask it—  
How they tied a baby in a basket,  
While a young sailor picked and able  
Moved out to steady it on the cable;  
And if he needed more recital  
To admit a mongrel without title,  
I'd get down low upon my knees,  
And swear before the Holy Keys,  
That judging by the way you swam,  
Somewhere within your line a dam  
Formed for the job by God's own hand,  
Had littered for a Newfoundland.

I feel quite sure that if I made him  
Give ear to that, I could persuade him  
To open up the Golden Gate  
And let you in; but should he state  
That from your legs and height and speed  
He still had doubts about your breed,  
And called my story of the cable,  
"A cunningly devised fable",  
Like other rumours that you've seen  
In Second Peter, one, sixteen,  
I'd tell him (saving his high station)  
I scorned his small adjudication,  
And, where life, love, and death atone,  
I'd move your case up to the Throne.

E. J. PRATT



## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Rescue*, by Joseph Conrad (J. M. Dent and Sons). There are some books which by a transient cleverness or rapid movement of adventure hold the reader's attention for a first reading, but on a second reading are dropped like uninteresting or undesirable acquaintances. There are several of Conrad's books that will hardly stand the test of a second reading. But after reading his latest book, "The Rescue," for the third time, it is borne in upon one, to use the ancient solemn Quaker phrase, that no greater novel has ever been written. He has called it 'A Romance of the Shallows.' But the shallows and the deeps lie close together. The shallows of Martin Travers' pigmy soul, of Shaw the fat and foolish mate, of the conventional world of European society, of Daman and Tengga, of the Carimata Sea, of the low lonely sandbank, fall away abruptly into the contrasting depths of passion, honour, faithfulness, despair, of a real world stripped of conventions, lit up by the lightning flashes of crisis, where Tom Lingard, Edith Travers, Hassim and Immada, Jaffir, play out the drama of a Rescue for which an unutterable price is paid.

One has a sense, in looking back over Conrad's literary achievement, of a blast furnace, a whitely glowing crucible, into which the material of human experience is thrown, to emerge in various strange and beautiful shapes, always significant, sometimes tantalizing, always with some element that teases the mind with a feeling that the perfection of the craftsman's vision has not yet been realized. Now at last out of the furnace has come a form of perfect and undying beauty. We are no longer at once attracted and repelled by Marlow's devious ways; no longer are we forced to travel backwards and forwards along the converging threads of the spider's web of *Nostromo*. With an unfaltering directness, a sureness, a divine inevitableness like the movement of fate, the story moves on its way, from its calm 'far-born prelude' to the final crash of dissolving elements. The final scene on the lonely sandbank between Lingard and Edith Travers is unapproachable. "The overwhelming sense of immensity, of disturbing emptiness, which affects those who walk on the sands in the midst of the sea, intimidated Mrs. Travers. The world resembled a limitless flat shadow which was motionless and elusive. Then against the southern stars she saw a human form that isolated and lone appeared to be immense: the shape of a giant outlined amongst the constellations."

Conrad creates the illusion of this immensity throughout. As in a kind of breathless dream the figures, the central figures of the primeval man and woman, stripped of all shams and conventions,

expand and seem to fill the heavens. There is too, an ease and certainty about the grouping of the lesser figures, no touch is missed, no stroke of insight wanting, nothing irrelevant, all superfluity burned away. Tom Lingard, King Tom, "the man ready for the obvious, no matter how startling, how terrible or menacing, yet defenceless as a child before the shadowy impulses of his own heart," is committed to a romantic enterprise involving the conquest of an Arab kingdom and its restoration to his friend Hassim. The work of years is complete, the final touch is about to be put to the enterprise when Mr. and Mrs. Travers and their friend, d'Alcacer, are stranded in their yacht at the very mudbank which guards the entrance to the scene of Lingard's enterprise. His impulse is to sacrifice the yacht and its inmates to his friends, Hassim and Immada. Then the disruptive influence of a passion for Mrs. Travers that sweeps him like a tropical storm forces him to destroy his life's work, to sacrifice his word pledged to his friends, in order to rescue Mrs. Travers and her husband from their situation. The plot is simple enough, but its execution, its classical severity and grandeur of outline, the perfect blending of sky, sea, sandbank, loneliness, terror, despair, into a tragedy that leaves one at the close, 'all calm and passion-spent,' these things can only be felt, they cannot be duly said. S.H.H.

*Poems, 1901 to 1918*, by Walter de la Mare (Constable, 2 vols.) *Collected Poems*, by Edward Thomas, with a foreword by Walter de la Mare (Selwyn and Blount). England has all sorts of poets today. It has Sassoon who has an objective passion for realism and it has Masefield whose realism is seldom uncoloured by temperament. They couldn't write like one another if they tried. W. H. Davies, John Freeman, and Edward Thomas are all nature poets but how different, one a moral immoralist, another a fallacious metaphysician, and the third an epicure in psychology. And so on down the list which it is easy to extend to thirty strong without including mere poetasters.

The present two whose works have been collected for the first time this fall would in any attempted grouping have to be placed fairly close to one another. As soon, however, as they are brought together the process of differentiation sets in. Those—and there are such—whom Edward Thomas quietly takes possession of will find it hard to attune themselves to de la Mare; those who feel the spell of de la Mare will feel that the other man is not writing poetry at all. And so on. But there will be more general agreement about de la Mare.

The way to approach him is through *Peacock Pie*, as rare a book of verses for children as was ever



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written. Beside them Stevenson's verses are logical and sophisticated; they are "written down" to the child and the child is subtly aware of the fact after a time. *Peacock Pie* puts child and adult into a common imaginative world. The observation that

Whatever Miss T. eats

Turns into Miss T.

is appreciated by child and adult with fairly equal penetration. The same holds good, perchance, of visionary poems like "The Song of the Soldiers,"

As I sat musing, 'twas a host in dark array,

With their horses and their cannon wheeling  
onward to the fray,

Moving like a shadow to the fate the brave must  
dree,

And behind me roared the drums, rang the trumpets  
of the sea.

Of Edward Thomas no finer thing has been said than the following illogical sentence from the foreword. 'When, indeed Edward Thomas was killed in Flanders, a mirror of England was shattered of so pure and true a crystal that a clearer and tenderer reflection can be found no other where than in these poems; neither in "Clare and Cobbett, Morland and Crome," nor among the living, to whom he was devoted, in Hardy, Hudson, Doughty.' If it is found that his verses are a little stiff it must be remembered that they are the work of the last two or three years of his life, whereas his more expert friend has been practising his art for about twenty.

In any case they are both poets who will hold their place in those choicer anthologies where major and minor poets move on equal terms as child and adult do in the verses of one of them. B.F.

*The Cross-Bearers of the Saguenay*, by W. R. Harris, (Toronto, J. M. Dent and Sons). Dean Harris has in this volume performed a very real service to his Canadian fellow-citizens. While most of us bear from public school days in thrilled remembrance the heroic exploits of the Jesuit missionaries, yet our knowledge of the early efforts of these pioneers of civilization and of their predecessors, the Franciscans, is in most cases very fragmentary, and as unrelated as a childhood lightning-flash of memory. The Dean's account gives us the beginnings of this fascinating chapter in our history. We shall hope for a companion volume tracing the later phases of the work. The book is popular in style with the glamour of old discovery in the compelling description of the Saguenay's gloomy grandeur, and the romance, strange in Canada, of vanished greatness in the story of that Tadoussac, so well-known in the 16th, so forgotten in the 20th century. There is a wealth of information concerning the Indians, as seen through the eyes, not of Fennimore Coopers, but of men who lived whole years in the Indian encampments.

*A Son of Courage*, by Archie P. McKishnie (Toronto, Thomas Allen). The title of this story of old Ontario, with the scene laid in a rural community along the Lake Erie shore, is apt to mislead the reader. Billy Wilson deserves better of his author than to be thus advertised. It would embarrass him, as well as the other boys whose pranks and adventures play such a prominent and entertaining part in the book. There is a will mystery and an interesting set of circumstances surrounding the discovery of oil in the community, with the resultant attempts at crooked dealing. A very pretty love theme enters into the story. While there are some excellent delineations of character, the chief interest, as in most Canadian prose fiction, is in the action. It may be that Canada is too young yet to probe into the sterner problems of the battling soul. The bits of description are excellent. The author has conveyed the feeling of the Canadian out-of-doors, and few have done that.

*The Trek of the Mounted*, by Ralph S. Kendall (Toronto, S. B. Gundy). It was inevitable that, with the popular interest so strongly bent towards Western adventure stories, the R.N.W.M.P. should come in for a share of attention. The danger was that the proud traditions of that splendid force would be prostituted to the demands of hysterical sentimentalism. In this book, however, the story rings true, the "Mounty" tells his own tale. The author is an ex-Sergeant of the force, gifted with the knack of telling a thrilling story in a convincing way. The book is full of the delightful realism that is conveyed in the happy little touches, the familiarly inconsequential details that tell of long and loving acquaintance. It does not need to be impressionistic. Altogether, an exciting, well-told two-part story—without a woman in it.

*The Chapbook, A Monthly Miscellany* (London, The Poetry Bookshop). Have you, wandering homelessly about in your memory, some three or four lines of an old folk-lilt heard once or twice in boyhood, and cherished in these fragments? There was one such sung by a very rolling stone from "The States" to the accompaniment of the saw-filing in an Ontario portable saw-mill some twenty-five or thirty years ago, that was recovered when the September *Chapbook* arrived. This was because the September issue was an *Old Broadside Ballads* number. A glance at the contents of some preceding numbers—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, *Decoration in the Theatre*, *Some French Poets of Today*, *Rhymes for Children*, *Four Songs*, *Modern Prose Literature*, *A Critical Survey*, *A Bibliography of Modern Poetry*, *Some Contemporary American Poets*, *Aria da Capo*; *A play in one Act*—gives some idea of the table set out by this attractively edited and excellently illustrated year-old magazine.

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## TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	July 1920	August 1920	Sept. 1920	Oct. 1920	Oct. 1920
Wholesale Prices <sup>1</sup> .....	292.9	274.4	254.5	242.1	250.0
(Michell)					
Family Budget.....	\$26.92	\$26.60	\$26.38	.....	\$22.93
(Labour Gazette)					
Volume of Employment <sup>2</sup> .....	108.4	107.9	108.1	107.5	.....
(Employment Service of Canada)					
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities <sup>3</sup>	125.2	122.9	116.6	113.3	134.3
(Mitchell)					

<sup>1</sup>Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

<sup>2</sup>Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

<sup>3</sup>The following common stock quotations are included:—Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

**T**HE fall in wholesale prices continues, but on the whole more slowly. Wholesale prices appear now to have reached a lower level than that of a year ago; but the retail buyer has so far gained relatively little by the change.

How general has been the break on the world's wholesale markets is shown in the OTTAWA LABOUR GAZETTE. Prices began to fall in Japan during March, in England during March and April, in France and Italy during May. In Australia no downward movement can clearly be discerned.

British forebodings of winter unemployment have been echoed in this country. The records compiled by the Employment Service of Canada are nevertheless reassuring. The close of the harvest must always involve a contraction in the demand for labour; but up to the middle of October it seems merely as if industry had paused awhile on the crest of a wave of activity. Unemployment has indeed been steadily growing in British Columbia; but if the general index of employment does not fall below 105 at the New Year, we may conclude with some confidence that Canada has absorbed her fresh supplies of labour during 1920.

Perhaps the most interesting occurrence of recent months has been the fall in wheat. The unsatisfied wheat shortage of Western Europe seems to have been about 45,000,000 bushels in 1919. On Sept. 2nd, 1920, the Canadian Trade Commissioner in London reported that British wheat requirements in the coming season would probably be about 3,000,000 bushels above the normal. At the same time, the Italian Ministry of Agriculture forecasted a decline from the 1919 level, of 13% in the wheat crop of Italy. But the continued fall in exchange had made it more difficult than ever for Europe to supply herself largely from North America. At the end of October 1919 the pound sterling stood in New York at \$4.18; at the end of August 1920, when the very heavy wheat export began, it had fallen to \$3.60; and is now still lower. In the same period the franc had fallen from 11½ to 7 cents; the lira from 9½ to 4½ cents. The cost of American wheat in New York on October

15th of this year is given by THE MARKET REPORTER at 36.52 francs, or 60.46 lira per bushel—sums that are almost startling.

Nevertheless, in four months from July to October, about 140,000,000 bushels were exported from the United States alone. This would have made under normal conditions for a strong market. But conditions were not normal. The average carry-over of wheat in the United States is about 80,000,000 bushels. But from 1919 the carry-over was more than 150,000,000 bushels. This was offset in part by an American wheat crop in the present season, which is said by THE MARKET REPORTER to be 30,000,000 bushels below normal. But it leaves an excessive supply in the United States of about 40,000,000 bushels; to which must be added a Canadian crop estimated by the Dominion Statistician to be more than 100,000,000 bushels in excess of last years' crop.

There is thus a surplus on this continent, which could not have been foreseen a year ago, about equal to the wheat exports of the last four months. And the result is reflected in the market.

Those who talk of a farmers' strike forget that the wheat price is a world price, and that the world's wheat crops ripen in continuous rotation. The holding of much North American wheat would leave it to compete in December with that of Australia, in January with that of New Zealand and Argentina, in February with that of India, in March with that of Egypt. At best it would take the form of a very large carry-over like the last.

What matters most is the effect of falling wheat prices on the purchasing power of the West. And here we fare better than the United States. The American supply is almost the same as that of last year; its money value to the farmer much less. But the present Canadian crop is so much larger than that of 1919, that the fall in price of the bushel is more than offset by the yield. From the crop report of the Dominion Statistician, it would appear that western wheat in 1920 is worth more to the farmer by about \$75,000,000, than the crop of 1919.

G. E. JACKSON.



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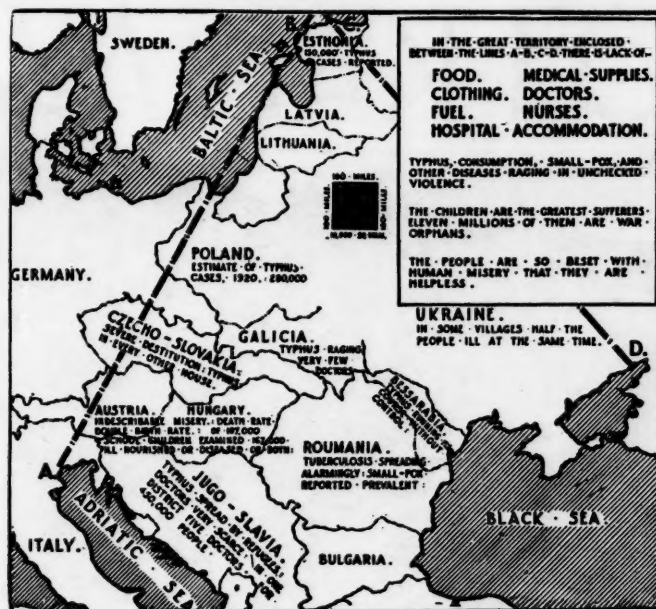
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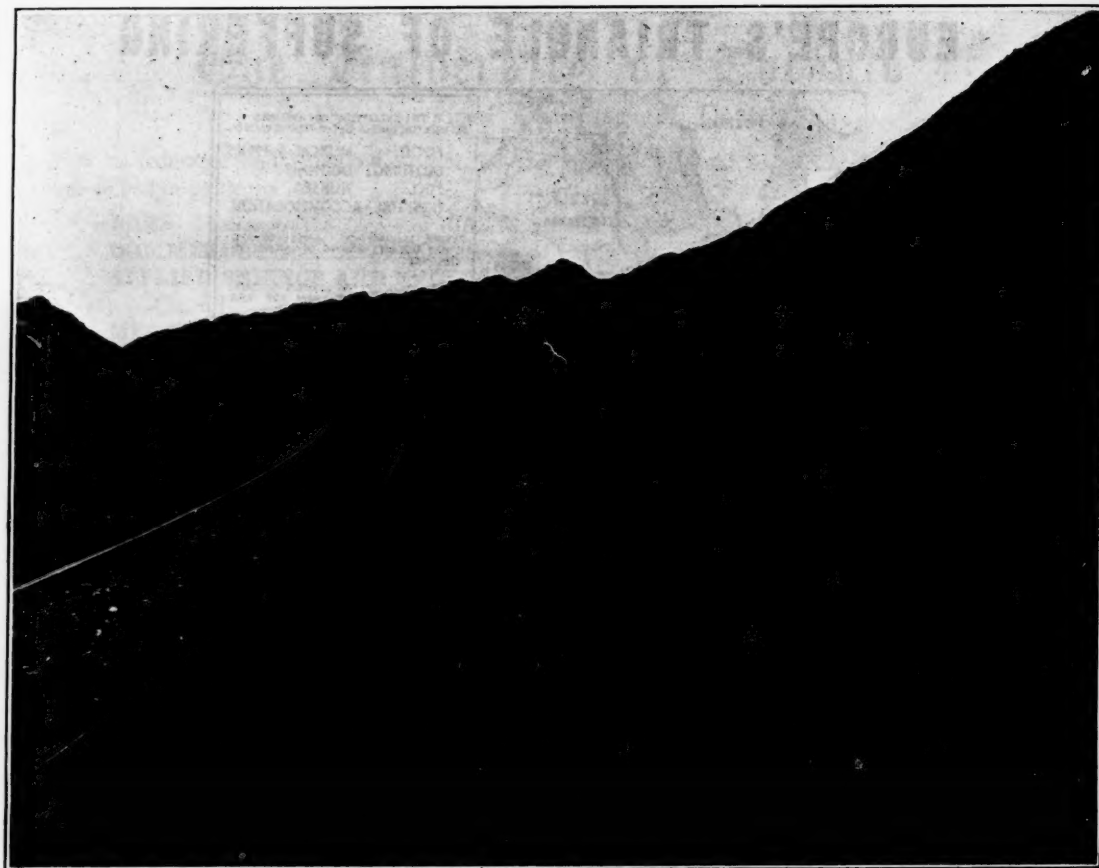
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